

## IN MOUNTAINS OF OCEONE.

Presiding Elder W. P. Meador's First Charge.

(The Rev. W. P. Meadors in Southern Christian Advocate.)

I have just finished Dr. J. L. Stokes' article in the Methodist Quarterly Review, "A South Carolina Apostle," and it has inspired me to write the following sketch. On January 13, 1877, a cold, rainy day, a little after dark—and it was very dark and rainy—I rode up to the gate of Wm. Whitmore, in Oconee County, South Carolina, and Lailine, sat for a moment on my pony, which I had ridden 125 miles, this being the first home I entered on my first charge, and my coming had not been announced. But it was only a moment before the gate flew open by the energy of a sweet little girl (Lou Ruff), and I was asked to ride in. I was met in the yard by Brother Frank Whitmore, a son of Brother William, who said, "I suppose this is our new preacher?" Receiving an answer in the affirmative, he said, "Light and go in; I will take your horse." On entering the home I found myself alone before a bright, hot, cheerful fire. The family were at supper in the kitchen. In a short time a tall, straight, slender man, with long, gray hair, blue eyes, a good solid face, and about eighty-one years old, entered, wiping his mouth and sucking his teeth. On my saying I suppose this is Brother Whitmore, he replied, "Yes, this is what is left of him." I said, "My name is Meadors; I am your new preacher." His reply was, "Well, set down, brother." I said, "We are having some bad weather, Brother Whitmore." In rather gruff tones, he replied, "It's no more than we deserve."

I was so taken aback by his manner and reply that I decided to let him take the lead in the conversation. After a profound silence of some time, he said, "Well, I don't know what the Bishop means, no how; last year we had a preacher that couldn't give us the sacrament nor marry our young people, nor baptize our children, and now he has sent us another right young one. Well, we are ruined." I told him that I supposed the Bishop had done what he thought was best, and perhaps we would get on all right. By this time Mr. Perry, his son-in-law, came in, and after we were made known to each other, said, "It don't seem that the Conference cares anything for us at all. I was in hopes we would get a man this time with some age and experience." This made me very anxious to see some of the women folks, for I was much in need of sympathy. I did not have to wait long, for Sister Whitmore soon came in—a rather tall, motherly looking old lady seventy-five years old. She wore a long homespun bonnet, with pasteboard stays in it, after the fashion of those days in that part of the country. After speaking to me she took her seat in the corner, bonnet pulled well down over her face, and began to fill her pipe from a twist of home raised tobacco—called hank in that section. I noticed that she glanced at me a few times from under

her bonnet, and when the pipe was filled she dipped it in the hot embers, pushed back her bonnet a little, and made the smoke boil for a few puffs and then said, "A law me, what in the world is to become of us! Another young preacher!" I was musing while the fire on the hearth—burned, and I may as well say my heart was becoming hot within me, and I said, "You pay a preacher very little on this charge, and if a man with a family were sent here you would let him suffer. Our preachers don't travel long before they get married, and in order that you may have a single man he must be a young man. I suppose that is why you are being afflicted with young preachers." They all agreed that while they had not thought about it that way, there might be something in that theory.

I was soon invited to the kitchen for supper, the rest having all finished. It was a good supper and greatly enjoyed—fresh pork, corn bread, biscuits, rye fritters, baked sweet potatoes of a fine variety—Georgia reds—delicious, firm butter, fresh buttermilk, coffee, honey and the honeycomb. (I always got a good bill of fare at this home, the best of any place on the charge.) I had a good night's rest in a good feather bed, with plenty of covering, all clean and nice. After breakfast next morning, when about to leave for my appointment on the charge, which was at Bearpen Gap, hard by the Whitewater Falls, Brother Whitmore said: "Well, brother, when you want to come back, and if I am not at the house, put up your horse and feed him; you will find corn and fodder there. You needn't come till you get ready." It wasn't long before I was ready to go back, even with such an invitation as that. And I was often ready. For I found a father and mother and brothers and sisters in that home—my home free of charge whenever I wished to stop there.

Sequel.—It was only a few days till Conference in Columbia, where Bishop Dogget was to preside. My few belongings all packed ready for shipment, and left in Frank's care to be sent to me if I were moved, pony bridled and saddled, and a few things in my "saddle bags" to be carried with me back to my brother's home, near old Hopewell, in Laurens County, from whence I started out, where I was to leave the pony while I was at Conference. I sat for a few moments with Brother and Sister Whitmore in the same room where we first met, ready to say good-bye. Brother Whitmore was the first to speak. Said he, "You have been here a year, you have done well, and we like you. Tell the Bishop to send you back if he can." Sister Whitmore said, "Yes, we feel just like one of our own boys were going away." Her apron served instead of a handkerchief to wipe away the tears from her eyes, while those from the honest blue eyes of the old man got away without assistance, and chased each other over the furrows in his close shaven face. With difficulty I succeeded in saying good-bye. With saddle bags in hand I proceeded to my pony, mounted and rode away. I never saw them any more. But we shall meet again and "There will be no night there," nor darkness, nor doubts, nor fears, nor mysteries.

Rock Hill, S. C.

## Her Papa's Girl.

The wooing had progressed splendidly. It had even progressed to a point where she had been won—that is, ostensibly won. If she proved to be a truthful girl, she would, in time, be the wife. If she were not truthful—well, no man wants a wife who is not truthful. That's the way some men console themselves when they fail to marry.

But she seemed to be truthful, and as he drew her closer to him he whispered:

"And when we are married, dearest, we will have the happiest home in all the wide, wide world."

"Yes, George," she replied.

"There can never be a harsh word in our home."

"No, George."

"And when I come; home tired and worn out with work at the office and the worries of business you'll be kind to me."

"Yes, George."

"I knew you would. You'll soothe me and put me in better humor."

"Yes, but I say, George!"

"Yes, dearest."

"Why shouldn't you do a little of this yourself?"

"Why, darling—"

"Yes, that's all right. But to come right down to business, as papa says—why shouldn't you also be kind to me when things go wrong? I don't want to do it all, you know. You're not looking for a private nurse, are you?"

"Why, Mabel!"

"When the cook leaves unexpectedly to go to the bedside of her second cousin you might be just a trifle considerate, you know."

"How strangely you talk, pet!"

"Well, they say I'm papa's girl, you know, and I notice when anyone tries to make a bargain with him he generally gets some stipulations of his own interest put in, just as a precaution!"—London Tit-Bits.

## A Drop in Values.

Henry Clew, the banker, was talking about a stock that had dropped in value.

"Great was its fall," he said. "It was pathetic. It made me think of an incident that happened the other day in an express office."

"To this office a burly, kind looking young man came with a package under his arm."

"I want to express this package," he said.

"The clerk, as usual, asked him: 'What is the nature of the contents of the package?'"

"It is," said the simple-minded youth in a sad tone, 'a bundle of letters from a young lady. I am returning them to her.'"

"Their value?" said the clerk.

"The young man swallowed."

"I don't know what their value is now," he said huskily, "but a week ago I thought they were worth about half a million dollars."

## Richest of the Rich.

Alfred Beit, diamonds, London, \$500,000,000.

J. B. Robinson, gold and diamonds, London, \$400,000,000.

J. D. Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$250,000,000.

W. W. Astor, land, London, \$200,000,000.

Prince Demidoff, land, St. Petersburg, \$200,000,000.

Andrew Carnegie, steel, New York, \$125,000,000.

W. K. Vanderbilt, railroads, New York, \$100,000,000.

William Rockefeller, oil, New York, \$100,000,000.

J. J. Astor, land, New York, \$75,000,000.

Lord Rothschild, money lending, London, \$75,000,000.

Duke of Westminster, land, London, \$75,000,000.

J. Pierpont Morgan, banking, New York, \$75,000,000.

Lord Iveagh, beer, Dublin, \$70,000,000.

Senora Isidora Cosimo, mines and railroads, Chile, \$70,000,000.

M. Heine, silk, Paris, \$70,000,000.

Baron Alphonse Rothschild, money lending, Paris, \$70,000,000.

Baron Nathaniel Rothschild, money lending, Vienna, \$70,000,000.

Archduke Frederick, of Austria, land, Vienna, \$70,000,000.

George J. Gould, railroads, New York, \$70,000,000.

James J. Hill, railroads, New York, \$70,000,000.

Mrs. Hettie Green, banking, New York, \$55,000,000.

James H. Smith, banking, New York, \$50,000,000.

Duke of Devonshire, land, London, \$50,000,000.

Duke of Bedford, land, London, \$50,000,000.

Henry O. Havemeyer, sugar, New York, \$50,000,000.

John Smith, mines, Mexico, \$45,000,000.

Claus Spreckels, sugar, San Francisco, \$40,000,000.

Archbishop Conn, land, Vienna, \$40,000,000.

Russell Sage, money lending, New York, \$25,000,000.

Baroness Burdett-Coutts, banking, London, \$25,000,000.

Sir Thomas Lipton, groceries, London, \$25,000,000.—Philadelphia Record.

## THE EDITOR'S WIFE.

Letter From an Illinois Newspaper Man That is Well Worth Reading.

As a usual thing editors save the good things for the columns of their own newspapers, but the following letter from S. H. Duncan, editor of the Seaton, Ill., Independent, shows that there is at least one editor who wants to help others. He writes as follows:

"To the Editor of the Intelligencer:

I wish you would print the following and thus help me to do a kindness to your readers. My wife has been a great sufferer with stomach troubles for the past four years, and the last two years practically an invalid. Nothing seemed to help her until I procured a box of Mi-o-na, nature's cure for indigestion. This gave her so much relief that she continued using the remedy until now she enjoys her meals, is relieved from all pain in her stomach and has increased in flesh.

I hope you will publish this letter, for I think there is no remedy for stomach trouble equal to Mi-o-na, and the more wide spread its use becomes, the more good will be done to humanity.

S. H. Duncan,  
Editor of Independent."

Evans Pharmacy have the local agency for Mi-o-na and their faith in its merits equals Editor Duncan's. They, in fact, offer to pay for Mi-o-na themselves in any case where it does not give satisfaction. No stronger endorsement of the merits of the remedy can be given than this, that a local drug firm is willing to sell a medicine on their own guarantee to refund the money if it does not cure stomach troubles and increase flesh.

## He Took it Back.

In a certain town of Western Massachusetts two of the most prominent citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother, says Harper's Weekly. These are neighbors, and, for the most part, dwell on good terms except when they try to effect an exchange of horses or to talk religion.

On one occasion the two had traded horses, and although the outcome ruffled in the breast of the Methodist, they had met and started a discussion on the subject of predestination. As usual, an altercation ensued, when the Methodist with emotions concerning horse trades and John Calvin in his mind, he suddenly exclaimed:

"You're a robber, a liar and a Presbyterian!"

This proved too much for the Presbyterian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the better of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bumping his head against the ground, he said:

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll bump your foolish head off."

"I'll take it back," gasped the vanquished Methodist, "on the first two counts; you're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian, if I die for it!"

## The Only Thing Left.

A grandfather well known in the English House of Commons was chatting amicably with his little granddaughter, who was snugly ensconced on his knee relates Short Stories.

"What makes your hair so white, grandpa?" the little miss queried.

"I am very old, my dear; I was in the ark," replied his lordship with a painful disregard of the truth.

"Oh, are you Noah?"

"No."

"Are you Shem, then?"

"No, I am not Shem."

"Are you Ham?"

"No."

"Then," said the little one who was fast nearing the limit of her Biblical knowledge, "you must be Japheth."

A negative reply was given to this query, also, for the old gentleman inwardly wondered what the outcome would be.

"But, grandpa, if you are not Noah, or Shem, or Ham, or Japheth, you must be a beast."

## Col. McKissick's Story.

There were two mistrials at the end of term of Court last week—both for horse-swapping. Horse trading used to be considered outside of the law.

Some good old Judge used to say that he always left the horse-trader where he found him. It is generally like David Harum said was the horse-trader's motto: "Do the other fellow as he is trying to do you—only do him first."

It is a great pity generally that such cases are brought to the upper Court here, as the trial cost more than the horse is worth. Col. T. G. McKissick, who used to adorn the Union Bar, tells a funny story about a case at Union about an old gray mare. One day was consumed on a demurrer, two days on plaintiff's testimony, half a day arguing a nonsuit, one day in defendant's evidence. At the end of the week, while a lawyer was laying down his eleventh proposition of law, a juror, who was a rich man, living some distance from the Court House, rose and said: "Mr. Judge, how much is the old gray mare worth?"

"Well," according to the evidence, about \$30," said the Court.

"Well," said the tired juror, running his hand down in his pocket, "I'll just pay it, I want to go home," and he walked up and plunked it down on the clerk's desk.—Edgefield Correspondence of the Johnston Monitor.

## Very Green.

Thomas A. Edison was one day explaining an intricate machine to a newspaper writer, says an exchange.

"Do you understand?" Mr. Edison would ask. And a moment later, "Now do you understand?"

The poor journalist tried to follow the swift sentences of the inventor, but the effort was vain. Every little while he would have to stop and say that, just there, he did not quite understand, and then, sighing, Mr. Edison would begin all over again.

"I know I am very green as regards machinery," the journalist said, apologetically.

"Oh, no; I have seen greener," said Mr. Edison. "Did I never tell you about the fireman I once met in Canada?"

"Well, in a certain Canadian town where I was running a telegraph office in my youth a new factory, with a very fine engine house, was put up. I visited this factory one day to see the engine. The engineer was out of the fireman, a new hand, showed me about. As we stood, admiring the engine together, I said:

"What horse power has this engine?"

"The fireman gave a loud laugh. 'Horse power?' he exclaimed. 'Why, man, don't you know that the machine goes by steam?'"

## Hunting in the South.

The Southern Railway has issued a neat and attractive booklet for the information of sportsmen, planning hunting and fishing trips in the Southern States. The front page contains a cut of ex-President Grover Cleveland, with gun in hand, and the back page shows Actor Joseph Jefferson sitting in a boat, with a rod over the gun-testing and useful information in handy reference form, giving the game laws in all the Southern States, names of hotels and lodging houses, guides, kind of game to be found, cost of trains, posted lands, and other information which sportsmen desire in planning their trips. Copies of the booklet can be secured from General Passenger Agent W. H. Taylor, at Washington.

—The man who knows just how the stock market is going never tells you until after it has gone.

—A man's own tongue betrays him as frequently as he is betrayed by the tongues of others.



## A Remedy That No One Is Afraid To Take.

Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup has been used in thousands of homes for fifty-two years with perfect confidence and the most remarkable results.

The great success of this remedy is due to the fact that its formula (which consists of Buchu, Hydrangea, Mandrake, Yellow Dock, Dandelion, Sarsaparilla, Gentian, Senna and Iodide of Potassium) has been freely published.

Doctors and Druggists everywhere do not hesitate to recommend a preparation which they know contains the best-known remedies for correcting all irregularities of the Liver, Kidneys or Blood, and the diseases caused by the failure of these functions to perform their proper work.

Thousands of sick ones to whom life has been a burden have written grateful letters that others might profit by their experience.

BLOOMING GROVE, TEX., Nov. 13, 1902. I was suffering terribly with indigestion and kidney trouble and sent to my druggist for something to relieve me.

As he sent me a package of Dr. Thacher's Liver and Blood Syrup I concluded to try it, and now I am deeply grateful to my druggist as well as to you.

I had been a sufferer from these things and a general run-down condition for ten years, and had only received temporary relief from other medicines. But after using not quite two packages of your Liver and Blood Syrup I feel as stout and hearty as I ever did in my life, and I am satisfied that I am entirely cured. I feel no symptoms whatever of kidney trouble, and my digestion is as good as any living man's.

I can now eat whatever I choose. I never had any remedy give me such quick and permanent relief, and I can not put a correct estimate on the value your medicine has been to me. I would not take any amount of money for it. Very gratefully yours

J. C. BROWN.

If you need a medicine write to-day for a free sample bottle and "Dr. Thacher's Health Book."

Give symptoms for advice.

We will ask you to try it at our expense. We know what it will do.

For sale by all Druggists—two sizes—50 cents and \$1.00.

THACHER MEDICINE CO., Chattanooga, Tenn.

EVANS PHARMACY.

WE WANT ALL INTERESTED IN MACHINERY

TO HAVE OUR NAME BEFORE THEM DURING 1905

Write us stating what kind of MACHINERY you use or will install, and we will mail you

FREE OF ALL COST

A HANDSOME AND USEFUL

POCKET DIARY AND ATLAS

OR A LARGE

COMMERCIAL CALENDAR

Gibbes Machinery Company,

COLUMBIA, S. C.

A STOCK OF HORSE POWER MAY PRESS TO BE CLOSED OUT AT SPECIAL PRICES

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Administratrix of the Estate of Dr. S. A. Bowen, deceased, hereby gives notice that she will on Friday, December 10th, 1904, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate and a discharge from her office as Administratrix.

MARY C. BOWEN, Adm'r. x.

Nov 16, 1904

Notice to Creditors

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of A. T. Broyles, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment.

MRS. SARAH A. WILLIAMS, Executor.

Nov 23, 1904

Notice to Creditors.

ALL persons having demands against the Estate of J. Matt Cooley, deceased, are hereby notified to present them, properly proven, to the undersigned at the Peoples Bank of Anderson, within the time prescribed by law, and those indebted to make payment, also at the same bank.

MISS IOLA E. COOLEY, VANCE COOLEY, PEOPLES BANK, Executors.

Nov 23, 1904

Notice Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Miss Martha J. Bowie, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on Saturday, December 17th, 1904, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

W. F. LEE, Adm'r.

Nov 16, 1904

Notice of Final Settlement.

THE undersigned, Executor of the Estate of Miss Martha J. Bowie, deceased, hereby gives notice that he will on the 9th of December, 1904, apply to the Judge of Probate for Anderson County, S. C., for a Final Settlement of said Estate, and a discharge from his office as Executor.

D. E. OARLISE, Executor.

Nov 9, 1904

## Rydale's Stomach Tablets.

INDIGESTION Causes belching, gas, or wind in the stomach, heartburn, sour stomach, etc.

DYSPEPSIA Causes Cramps and pain in the stomach, sick stomach, etc.

Rydale's Stomach Tablets Cure Rydale's Stomach Tablets

digest all kinds of food and prevent fermentation, and the formation of gas and acid in the stomach. They never fail to cure indigestion.

digest the food and rest the stomach. They stimulate, tone the digestive organs, and cure dyspepsia in its worst forms.

## Indigestion and Dyspepsia.

Mr. R. E. Jones, buyer for Parker & Bridget, whose large department stores are located at 9th St. and Penn. Ave., Washington, D. C., writes us, under date of April 14th, 1904, as follows: Last February, one year ago, while in New York on business for my firm, I caught a severe cold at the cause. My prescriptions did little or no good. As my appetite was poor and my food did not digest well, I decided to use Rydale's Stomach Tablets. A friend assured me they were a good dyspepsia medicine. After taking a few doses, I began to realize that I was getting better. Rydale's Stomach Tablets cured me and I recommend them most heartily to sufferers from nervous indigestion and a general run down condition of the system. Rydale's Stomach Tablets are manufactured and guaranteed by the

RADICAL REMEDY COMPANY, Hickory, N. C.

FOR SALE BY EVANS PHARMACY.

We have just received a Fresh lot of

## ONION SETS

For Fall Planting.

Come to us for all of your—

## DRUGS.

ORR, GRAY & CO.,

Prescription Druggists.

D. S. VANDIVER.

J. J. MAJOR.

E. P. VANDIVER.